

Our Cream Pitcher

Dr. Simpson

When the Lick Observatory was built on the Pacific Coast, it was necessary to go above the valleys and lowlands of the coast, where the fogs and mists hung heavily over the land, and select a site on top of Mount Hamilton, above the fogs and vapors of the ground, and in clear, unobstructed view of the heavens. So faith requires for its heavenly vision, the highlands of holiness and separation, and the clear, pure sky of a consecrated life.

J. R. Miller

We are all in this world on divine missions, are all sent from God to take some specific part in blessing the world. To do this we have just a day of time. Yet the day is long enough for God's plan. The sun never sets too soon for his purpose. Each life is long enough for the little part of the world's work allotted to it. No one can ever offer as an excuse for an unfinished life work that the time given to him was too short. It is always long enough, if only every moment of it be filled with simple faithfulness. To have our work completed at the end, we must do it while the day lasts, for there will be no opportunity afterward. If we are living earnestly, we shall live all the time under the pressure of the consciousness that the time is short. We must not waste nor lose a moment. Soon it will be night, when we cannot work.

Theodore L. Cuyler

The men and women who not only rejoice in doing their duty for Christ, but even rejoice in overcoming uncomfortable obstacles in the doing of it, are quite too scarce.

The piety that is most needed is a piety that wilt stand a pinch; a piety that would rather eat an honest crust than fare sumptuously on fraud; a piety that works up stream against currents; a piety that sets its face like a flint in the strait, narrow road of righteousness.

We need more of the Christianity that steadily sets its face toward Christ's word and holy will. An ungodly world will be compelled to look at such Christly living as at 'the sun shining in its strength.' God loves to look at those who carry Jesus in their faces. Of such is the kingdom of heaven.

H. Miller

Faith is the eye by which we look to Jesus. A weeping eye is still an eye; a dim-sighted eye is still an eye. Faith is the hand by which we lay hold on Jesus. A trembling hand is still a hand; and he is a believer whose heart within him trembles when he touches the hem of his Saviour's garment that he may be healed. Faith is the tongue by which we taste how good the Lord is. A feverish tongue is nevertheless a tongue. And even then we may believe when we are without the smallest portion of comfort, for our faith is founded not upon feeling, but upon the promise of God. Faith is the foot by which we go to Jesus. A lame foot is still a foot. He who comes slowly nevertheless comes.

New York Observer

In the days of the Civil War, Mr. Moody and a theological student once went together to the suburbs of Nashville to hold a service in a small mission chapel. On arriving at the appointed place they found only two persons present. Mr. Moody thereupon bade his companion stay in the church and "keep things going," while he himself would go out and "send people into the meeting." He then took up his position on the sidewalk, and hailing all passers-by invited them into the service. Soon a good sized congregation was gathered together. That incident characteristically exhibits Mr. Moody's spirit as a worker. He was constantly sending people into the meeting. In

the prosecution of this noble purpose he never shrank from humble or disagreeable duty himself, although in his later years his work was rather to instruct those whom others had gathered in for him. In a certain true sense every preacher must go himself after his auditors, reaching out after them by the influence of his sympathy if not always looking them up in person.

Literary Notes

The Homiletic Review for September bears clear testimony to the fact that the editors have not been overcome by the vacation influences that have put so many churches and other Christian agencies into a comatose state. Its pages bristle with life and alertness in the treatment of current and burning questions, especially the supreme ones that are emphasized by the closing century. Joseph Parker, the peerless London preacher, writes with his usual incisiveness of "Christ As the Essence of the Preacher's Message." The article on "The Two Orthodoxies," by Rev. C. S. A. Dwight, of *The New York Observer*, who is becoming widely known as a perspicacious and vigorous practical thinker and writer, deserves a careful reading. The writer opens with these discriminating words:

"It can not be denied that the term orthodoxy is, at the present time, a much discredited word. That it is deservedly so we do not believe. It is a word to be recovered, redefined, reemphasized. We are tired of that old chestnut—orthodoxy is my 'doxy, and heterodoxy is your 'doxy. Some color might appear to be lent to this definition by the fact that orthodoxy means right thinking, and the thoughts of one man confessedly vary considerably from those of another. Orthodoxy, however, is *right* thinking. It does not embrace every thought, but the true thought. It looks not to the incidental variations, but to essential unities. So interpreted the term represents a perfectly clear-cut notion, and is quite as properly applied to theological dicta as to philosophical or scientific data. If there is a right thought in chemistry, which affords us trustworthy formulæ for laboratory use; if there is right thought in astronomy, which provides us mathematical tables on which we can rely; if there is a right thought in engineering, which allows of the safe and permanent construction of hugh buildings or graceful suspension bridges; if there is a right thought in statesmanship, which secures the establishment and successful conduct of great republics, surely it is possible and probable that there is a right thought in religion, which systematizes theoretic knowledge and announces the principles of an adequate and vitalized ethic."

Mr. Dwight will have none of the loose thinking that divorces head, heart, and life in Christianity. On this point he says:

"The thought that is right naturally leads to the doing of the thing that is right. Nothing is more absurd than the effort that is violently made in some quarters to contrast creeds with character, and to put practical charity over against clear thought—as tho' forsooth a man must make his choice between theologic conviction and a career of usefulness to his fellows. For we are not shut up to the dilemma that a man must be orthodox or philanthropic—he may be both orthodox and philanthropic. He may, with an assured conviction and a penetrating insight into the character and mission of the divine Redeemer, say unto Him, Lord, Lord! and also, do the things which the Re-says. The Sermon on the Mount is not the contradiction, but the condensation and the application—so to speak, the projection into practical spheres—of a true and defensible systematic theology, or if we prefer to call it so, Biblical theology. It need not be the case, that the more a man thinks the less he does, or that the more he receives the truth the less he give out of love. We refuse this artificial

antithesis between faith and life. Paul and James, creed and character. Paul and James may be one, they are one. Creed and character must be one, or one or the other must change. God demands the whole man, including every intellection of the mind, every throb of the heart, every motion of the hand.

"With this distinction clearly in mind too much emphasis can not be laid upon the second orthodoxy *that of the life*. There is a phrase current, 'Theology as related to life,' which is frequently circulated by way of an implied slur on the old theology. That 'old theology' it is not our present purpose either to defend or to criticize. What needs, however, to be clearly perceived is that a true theology does not make life impossible, but is rather the inspiration of life. It is not its strangling-cord, but its source. For the theology leads by the path of the truth to God Himself, whom otherwise we would not recognize, and to 'know' God aright (and who shall dare to limit this 'knowledge' simply to emotional apprehensions of Him?) is life eternal. And when we have God we have every inspiration about us and in us to the completest development of character, the grandest sacrifice for humanity, the ripest culture, and the broadest, most intelligent philanthropy . . . Give us the man who can think straight, who can love passionately, who can spend and be spent, who, when he might wear a crown, is willing to go on a cross. Give us the two orthodoxies—of the right thought and of the right thing."

Since adventuring into Egypt in quest of the raw material of which fiction is made, Mr. Gilbert Parker's Canadian fields have been lying fallow. He returns to them, however, with new vigor, and even fuller power; and the serial which he has just completed finds him at the highest dramatic level to which he has yet attained.

The Lane that Had No Turning is remarkable for its honest strength, the originality, and absorbing interest. The scene of the story is Pontiac (whither Valmond came), and the period the middle fifties. The leading characters are Madelinette, a famous singer, and her husband, Seigneur of Pontiac, for whom she dares all and risks all. The story gains interest as it progresses and concludes with a striking and wholly unexpected finale.

The Lane that Had No Turning will begin in *The Saturday Evening Post* for September 29, and run thru five numbers.

The September Magazine Number of *The Outlook* contains, beside the usual editorial news and review departments, many special illustrated articles. "China: Portraits and Pictures relating to the Present Crisis," has about a dozen pictures closely connected with the exciting recent events, including the portraits of Count Von Waldersee, the German commander of the allied forces, and of other men prominent just at present. "The West's Golden Harvest," by Charles M. Harger, tells, in a picturesque and interesting way, the story of the gathering of this year's phenomenal wheat harvest in the West, while many half-tone pictures, from photographs taken for that purpose, illustrate the story. The tenth part of Mr. Mabie's series of papers on Shakespeare deals with the Histories and Comedies, and is copiously illustrated from old prints and other sources. Mr. Barnes, the Special Correspondent of *The Outlook* in South Africa, contributes a well illustrated article on "The British at Pretoria." "A Renegade" is a rather unusual story, by a writer of fiction who is just coming into prominence, Martha Wolfenstein; it deals with certain features of Jewish life. A Protestant pastor in Rome, the Rev. Enrico Meynier, under the title, "Leo XIII. and the next Pope," sketches the history of the pontificate of Leo, and describes the life and character of those Cardinals who are most talked of as likely to be his successor; about a dozen portraits of the Cardinals are included. (\$3 a year. The Outlook Company, New York.)